

Bunny Steak

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Bunny Steak

by [Cirlufe](#)

Summary

A smile directed to the thin figure with bunny ears standing in the middle of them all. Tall, bicolored hair, flamboyant pierrot scarf. That one caught the witch's attention in a delightful way with the burning red shining underneath the marfim white mask.

Quinlan wanted to have a better look at the rubies hidden within the bunny mask.

Notes

you have no clue how badly i despise to proof reading it was KILLING ME to finish this thing
coughs. Anyway. Gay sex! I refuse to tag anything as top!Joker but yeah that's. what's gonna happen on the second part

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Midnight snack

"Business, you say?"

With a glass filled with crimson barely touching his lips, the Count softly spoke words answering the man sitting across the other end of the table.

The banquet was already served, a rich display of varieties as per usual— although only two people were sitting for dinner. Fresh tones of red was the main color painting the sight, fleshy against the milk-white tablecloth and golden detailed porcelain on display.

"Why so suspicious?" The vampire sitting on the other end smiled at the lack of trust coming from the Count. Nothing out of the usual. Instead, his bandaged hands focused on taking a forkful of rare meat up to his lips and tasting the succulent slice with a smile on his painted lips.

Jack swung his glass, the eyes behind his mask focused on the guest "It's just natural to worry about my own end when things come to a witch, Quinlan Duncan."

Quinlan chuckled. Knife ready in hand, he cut yet another slice of meat before deciding to answer his host. It wasn't the first time the atmosphere around them turned that way. A fine line, ready to break at thin ice if one of the ends decided to step too further.

They, however, wouldn't dare such a thing.

Besides being on his own territory, his own castle, Jack didn't have a reason nor flavorful gain to get from Quinlan's end. The witch — the vampire — whichever term you prefer — wasn't aligned to either of the clans, all on his own even since that woman he once called a mom disappeared.

On the other hand, Quinlan wouldn't dare to lose his yearly fun of becoming a guest for the Count's banquets. If there's a thing he knows that vampire was good at, it sure was to have a party— and what a delightful work! Quinlan was fond of his own amusement, and wouldn't lose it without something worth in return.

Right there, he needed the Count's little help. Rumors about a red-haired woman running away from the icy lands seemed to fly over an adjacent city to the Count's castle, and where else would Quinlan have a top tier establishment to stay if not such a high-class castle as the Count's castle?

"I assure you I'll behave, Count." Carefully, Quinlan cleaned his painted lips with a napkin. "Allowing me to stay for a couple of days to complete a small research of mine wouldn't kill an old bag of bones like you."

Ah, the youthful disrespect. Jack sighed before taking a sip out of his glass, Quinlan's expression remaining unchanged in a dangerous smile.

Quinlan leaned forward to rest his chin on his hand, free hand using the fork to play with the remaining food on his plate. "Just tell me your price if you would rather things this way, Count."

"Please do tell, what makes my place specifically be of your likeness?"

Quinlan shrugged. "I enjoy the evening tea your maids always prepare."

...What a wonderful response. Really, Count didn't know what he expected to get from Quinlan. Perhaps it was his own fault for believing he would get a proper response or enlightenment of his current plans.

And yet... he was safe in his own territory, and there were no apparent losses in accepting the witch's request. Quinlan was smart, but the Count still could send someone to spy on him if his guts warn him about any apparent danger.

"Very well," *may regret never sink in for my decision*. "Through the left wing, you'll find a guest room. I'll send you a maid to—"

"Mr. Count, the batch has arrived."

A female voice called for both men's attention from the door (*"How did she come in so silently?"* Quinlan thought to himself in amusement at the maid's silent movements). By the way the newly arrived woman was dressed, Quinlan could tell that was one of the many maids working under the castle. Her expression was as neutral as the ones from *all* the other ones Quinlan has ever seen through the times he visited the castle; it was almost comical—but that wasn't his focus for the moment.

A batch?

The Count nodded towards the maid, mimicking Quinlan's act by cleaning his own lips with a napkin before waving to the woman. "Thank you. Let them in."

And just like that, the woman bowed towards his direction before opening the two, big doors behind her with the hinge's creaking noises.

Slowly, Quinlan watched as a group of masked people walked through the door and into the room with equally silent steps. The masks were all animal themed, from birds to snakes, foxes to bunnies, lambs and sheeps, all of them walked in line behind each one, following an invisible path they all seemed so familiar in obeying.

Pliant steps from chained prisoners.

It didn't take much to notice the golden handcuffs on each and all of them, or the way all of them had their own features fitting their masks. Scales appearing down the neck for the snake masked ones, long beaks to the birds replacing average anthropologist noses, they were all unique in their own ways dressed in fancy, classy outfits. Almost laughable to think how well the Count decided to keep his animals well dressed, but Quinlan decided to surpass his laugh into nothing more than a teeth-showing grin.

A smile directed to the thin figure with bunny ears standing in the middle of them all. Tall, bicolored hair, flamboyant pierrot scarf. That one caught the witch's attention in a delightful way with the burning red shining underneath the marfim white mask.

(Ah, did that one realize the direct stare? Quinlan noticed the way he lowered his head slightly after a few seconds of his look, and if Quinlan made sure to leave his fangs in sight on his teeth filled smile, the figure couldn't do much but behave and turn a blind eye to his own discomfort.)

Regardless of Quinlan's reaction, the Count kept his attention on the animalistic beings standing as a lively allegory in the room. What for Quinlan was a fleshy show of black and white in well decorated outfits, was nothing but an animal farm for the Count.

Jack's slender figure walked towards the newly arrived people with a humming, slow step by step being more pleased with each new sight. Hunger almost at the door just by looking at them all.

Straight postures as a sign of how well trained they were, behaving was an important matter when you get to take off the animal farm's control and the Count knows it very well. No wonder he always made sure to keep a rough treatment before giving them the luxury of a treat.

They are animals, after all. Correct timing is everything when it comes to practicing. Of what use would it be if they received a reward without achieving the desired behavior first? *Priorities* come first than the concern if the treatment was too heavy or not.

"Are all of them clean?" *Are their blood healthy enough?*

The maid standing at the door nodded at her Count's question.

Quinlan's curiosity started to grow, but while the Count examined each species, he only watched in temporary silence by swinging his leg the same way a cat moves a tail out of curiosity. There was a hot cup of jasmine tea being finished on his hands, and he wouldn't dare to leave that cup to cool. What a tragedy it would be!

"Any malfunction?" *Any of those lambs decided to misbehave?*

The maid calmly shook her head.

Jack nodded in return. "Good. The next banquet will be next month, keep their nourishment in day for the next weeks, fresh water, and..."

Quinlan arched an eyebrow when the Count stopped right in front of the bunny he was devouring with his bright orange eyes. From his seat, he watched as slender fingers held that bunny's face by the cheeks, turning it around in nothing but a gesture of examination. Discomfort sank down on the bunny's guts, but as a well-behaved animal, he kept still and pliant to whatever the Count did to him. Just the way he was raised to do.

A finger forcefully opened the prey's lips to check his teeth as the animal's back arched in surprise, but didn't flinch away. Marfin white teeth and no fangs in sight, careless fingers examining the sharpness as saliva ran down the corners of his lips. Encroached needed to resist the urge to cough, gagging in uneasiness. Raking the bunny from the tip of his toes to his bicolored hair, Jack spoke again: "...Feed them some meat. This pallor wouldn't be well welcomed between my high guests."

The bunny coughed the moment Jack got his fingers away from his mouth. Jack swung his fingers to clean away the wetness and the maid nodded in understanding, Jack returned the gesture before waving her towards the door. "Take them back. It's enough."

Once again, the maid nodded. Obeying the orders with mastery, she led the animals out at a walking pace.

"Count?"

Quinlan's voice made the Count turn his attention back to him. There was an amused grin painting the witch's lips.

"Would you give me the pleasure of having a nightly snack?"

How unusual it was to have *Quinlan* out of all the vampires Jack has ever met to ask for such a request. In fact, it wasn't something to complain about—having more of a vampire rather than a witch as a guest under his roof was a safer choice.

Even if, by the end of the day, said person was still *Quinlan*.

"My banquet didn't satisfy you, Mr. Duncan?"

Jack decided to dance by Quinlan's ways of speaking, the difference of tone made Quinlan chuckle.

"On the contrary, it was a perfect entrance to open my appetite! Perfectly cooked on point, the freshness really opened my taste buds." With crossed legs and swinging feet, the witch had his fun taking his fork back in hand to tap the edges of his red-stained plate. "However, I wouldn't mind finishing the night with a piece of bunny steak."

(A certain bunny stiffened his shoulders by the animals' walking line. The Encroached didn't dare to look back. There was another bunny by the file, that man whose name the Count called "Mr. Duncan" could only be talking about the animal, right? Or at least, that was what the red eyed bunny decided to believe.

Why would anyone ever willingly choose *him* if not by the usual ways serving as a walking piece of meat for the bloodsuckers to have their funs during the Count's parties?)

...

To the animal's surprise, his name was the one called by the maid's voice.

Who was that person?

By the way his fangs were on display early, a vampire for sure, but Encroached didn't *know* anything else about the man who chose him as a "snack".

He didn't know a thing about the man who so easily got an approval from the Count to take him. He didn't know a thing about the strangeness of his suspicious smiles and fancy outfit. He didn't know where the name *Quinlan* belonged to.

But did those things really matter to a prisoner?

The answer is no. Nothing would change even if Encroached had the answers to the questions lurking in his head. In the end, he would still be there, following behind the man named Quinlan through the castle's halls, handcuffed and pliant to be served for whatever desires that man would have. Tip tapping from Quinlan's heels alongside his humming were the only noises cutting the silence between them.

As they arrived at the guest room's door, a small detail didn't cease to call for the bunny's attention all the way walking down behind the vampire: why wasn't he pulled by his chain as per usual? Handcuffs were containing his arms from doing much more than outstretching his hands forward, but shouldn't that man be worried about an animal walking on his own? No worries about his food running away? Shouldn't he have asked for a leash to lead him around?

No roughness as an initial meeting?

That vampire was strange.

Strange... but not unwelcomed.

Whatever passed through Encroached's mind as Quinlan turned the doorknob open, died in unsaid words stuck in his throat. The room was big, well decorated in rococo details by the walls, dressing table, bed— and what a *big* bed that was. That furniture was massive in comparison to Encroached or Quinlan's body, but was the perfect size for the Count and many of his different guests.

"You're allowed to speak under my leadership, bunny. "

Mind reading wasn't something Encroached expected. His body stiffened, thoughts running wild in his mind in an attempt to hold them back so Quinlan couldn't read them again.

Oh, if only the bunny knew how easy it was to simply read his face regardless of psychic powers... Quinlan knew his choice wouldn't make him bored any time around.

"Don't you worry, I do bite, but I won't rip off a whole piece of a cute thing like you."

Quinlan stepped inside the room, and the Bunny followed right after a moment of hesitance. The permission to talk was enough to untangle the invisible tie around his throat even though the hesitancy was still clear in his words. In nothing but a mere whisper, the bunny spoke:

"My... my chain," Encroached gulped. "Why didn't you pull it?"

Quinlan laughed as he locked the door. "Such a strange fetish for someone in the position of a prisoner."

"W-what do you—"

"Oh, but if you are into it, don't worry, I won't judge you! Spice does make the meat tasty after all."

Encroached bit down his inner cheek, keeping his lips closed in a fine line as his cheeks burned in a light pinkish tone underneath his bunny mask.

If Quinlan wasn't a patient man, he would've devoured the bunny right there. Instead, the vampire once again led the way, his fingertips pushing the bunny to walk back towards the bed until he was forced to sit down. On Quinlan's face, a Cheshire-like grin adorned his lips. "Do you have a name?"

Encroached gulped. What a torturing question to focus on when the man in front of him was focusing on unwrapping the teal adornments around his waist, allowing them to slip down to the floor. "... Encroached," he answered in a low breath, Quinlan's eyes glued on him regardless of his actions. The rubi eyes followed Quinlan's hand in a trance.

"Oh, no, I mean a name of your own!" Another lace fell down to the ground, this time it was the pumpkin tie previously adorning his collarbone line. "Unless you want to keep that a secret between you and this cute head of yours, of course. True names have heavy weights, don't you agree?"

Slowly, the bunny nodded, but all of his focus was on Quinlan's gestures—the man standing in front of him, allowing his long, teal-colored coat to slip down his shoulders and be left forgotten on the carpet. The vampire's amusement in watching the bunny's reactions was obvious, but Encroached was far too busy with the alluring actions to focus on the most obvious things.

Oh, but should he stare so much? Encroached felt guilty, ashamed of his carelessness. His eyes dodged Quinlan while the man took care of undoing his white shirt.

That was a thing Quinlan wasn't pleased with.

"So, Encroached." A step further was taken, hands carefully pushing Encroached's legs open for Quinlan to position himself between them. It was delightful how Encroached's body followed his touch, how easily his legs opened, how submissive he lifted up his head with Quinlan's finger holding his chin to face the vampire's delightful expression of a grin and bright eyes. "Eyes on me, all the time. That's an order."

How could he deny his master's words?

In response, Encroached weakly nodded.

Quinlan's smile grew dangerously. "Good boy," he praised in enjoyment. The moment he took off his finger from under his chin, Encroached showed proof of his obedience by keeping his head in place, eyes wide open looking at the vampire in front of him.

Painted nails went back to work on the remaining buttons from the shirt, Quinlan's loyal audience kept his focus on him as a well behaved pet. Mimicking his coat physique, the shirt soon found its way to be forgotten on the ground as yet another layer of needless fabric.

Encroached was completely bewitched by Quinlan's body.

"What a beautiful pair of red rubies you have there."

Sneaky hands took their way to the back of the bunny's head while Quinlan's body moved forward to sit on the man's lap, legs wide open over his thighs. Encroached shivered, the gentleness of Quinlan's hands ghosting his scalp were akin to an angel's touch for the bunny.

"Mind if I get the pleasure of taking a better look at them?"

So different from all the previous vampires, so gentle, so comfortable. Perhaps that could be the closest to heaven someone like Encroached would be able to reach, and that alone gave him a mixed sensation of guilt and desire.

Right there, he decided to accept whatever fate gave him instead. He nodded, always keeping his eyes on Quinlan, just the way he was told to.

The mask got loose, sliding off the bunny's face by Quinlan's ministrations, and oh, what a wonderful sight he got!

There was a beautiful melancholy on those sorrowful lips, but a light of desire shining under those rubi colored eyes. Jewels Quinlan wanted to rip off, steal away for himself— a thing he already managed to, by the way Encroached was looking at him so desperately. "To think someone like the Count would have such a good eye with pieces of art... What an interesting feast." Quinlan's words were murmured more to himself than anyone else. Careful fingers caressed the newly exposed skin from that bunny's cheek whose tail wiggled silently.

Encroached was hesitant, but soon he gave in to temptation and leaned into the touch. It wasn't just Quinlan's hand caressing him, Encroached was the one seeking for that comfort he wasn't aware of *how* much he wanted until there. He learned to accept the rough treatment, to expect the worst sides from the vampires only seeking for a quick fun or a snack to get fed with— and then, as a sudden trick of fate, there was *Quinlan*.

Quinlan's touch felt so, *so* good.

The vampire wasn't aware about how far his acts truly affected that animal, but the small hints of proximity — his hips trying to reach up to Quinlan's, back arching to reach closer,

handcuffed hands holding on the bare skin of Quinlan's torso — were more than enough to warn him about the weight of his actions.

The moment the warmth got away from Encroached's cheek, his face tried to seek for it again. Quinlan whistled in amusement at those pleading eyes, but focused on the new task instead: unwrapping the flamboyant scarf. "Give me some space, could you?" Obediently, Encroached tilted his head up and soon his scarf found its way being tossed over Quinlan's shoulders and down to take part over the vampire's forgotten pieces of clothes.

Goosebumps ran down Encroached's spine when Quinlan leaned in to whisper by the shell of his ear. "Relax your muscles, this will be a pleasant experience for you too."

Encroached blinked. The implication of those words were... "...Y-you don't need to worry about that. It's... it's your pleasure that matters."

If Quinlan was a naive man, perhaps he could fall for the basic comprehension of those words alongside with the different positions they belonged to, their roles in the hierarchy. But Quinlan wasn't naive, nor did he care about the clans' rules. All he wanted was the amusement, the joyful burning sensation of taking everything he could from the bunny. Devour him, swallow his expressions, consume his essence.

What fun would he have if it was a unilateral dance?

Though he didn't mind taking the lead.

Grin ghosting over Encroached's ear, hot breath in the whispered luring words. "What if I order you to please yourself too?"

Encroached's shoulders stiffened at the sudden friction on his crotch, the moan that escaped his tongue was shameful, but immediately closing his lips didn't make that noise come back to inside his throat.

Quinlan heard that.

Quinlan *loved* that.

Encroached needed to hold back yet another moan as Quinlan's hand got hold of his hardening member through his clothes. If that proximity alone wasn't enough to drive Encroached into insanity, that hand could finish the job of taking him to his grave by slowly pumping him off.

"What if I tell you to come?" It was a mere whisper, but one that made the bunny's chest burn intensely, raise and fall of his lungs increasing in intensity. Could he really come already? How much he wished to have a way to immediately take off that bicolored jumpsuit and give him some freedom, the warmth melting him alive. "Will you follow my orders as an obedient little bunny?" *Will you accept my magic charms so easily?*

"Y-you...." What was an attempt to speak ended in nothing but a desperate whining.

"Me?" Quinlan played the fool as his hand continued to stimulate the other man's member.

Between their bodies, the bunny's hands hesitantly moved forward before holding on to Quinlan's thighs. A gesture in the false hope to maintain his balance, encouraging Quinlan to go on with his act.

"I, in fact, need to have my pleasure too," a chuckle, a kiss on the freshly exposed neck, a shivering body under the vampire's ministrations. "Would you lend me your hands to take care of me?"

Afraid any other vulgar sounds would come out if he opened his lips, Encroached only nodded in response. Bewitched could be the best term to describe the state the bunny ended up in, but he didn't mind being taken so easily by his own will or witchcraft.

As long as that gentleness remained *his*, there was nothing else he wanted to be worried about.

Orange marks painted Encroached's neck as his quivering hands made their way to open Quinlan's pants. It was hard to focus on the new task while the heat in his guts increased, but he tried his best to behave as Quinlan's words softly demanded.

"Ah!" Quinlan sang over Encroached's neck the moment his needy member got some attention. Slender fingers held his now exposed erection while his hips lightly thrust forward seeking for more. "Go rougher, you cute thing. I'm not a— *aah*, I'm not a porcelain doll."

Quinlan's words were breathy, but the desire was mutual. Encroached didn't hesitate in moving his hand faster around his hard-on, the same way the vampire's hand pumped him at a faster pace.

At some point, it was hard to keep containing his noises while Quinlan was on top of him singing so, *so* beautifully thanks to his hand. Encroached's lips opened to allow the noises stuck in his throat to leave, moaning the vampire's name in blissful pleasure.

And then, the piercing sensation.

"AH!"

Encroached yelled, wide eyes in response to the initial pain provoked by Quinlan's fangs craving on his skin in one, quick bite. Sweet blood flowed throughout Quinlan's mouth with a few small droplets slipping by the corner of his lips and down to reddish skin on the bunny's neck, staining the white of his outfit close by his shoulder. Their bodies fitted each other perfectly, curves close enough to not allow a single inch of space between them.

Slowly, their torsos leaned backward, Encroached's back touching the mattress, Quinlan's body over his, lips never departing from his sweet spot at the bunny's neck.

Pleasure took its place in the piercing sensation, dizziness increasing in the bunny's head at each second that passed. Was it fruit of the low pressure or Quinlan's skillful hand stroking him? Encroached didn't know, nor did he care. His noises rolled out of his tongue freely until they got weak: his high hit seven heavens, white dots blinding his vision as he was

surrounded by nothing but Quinlan's presence and a wet stain forming on the fabric over his stomach. The hand milking his overstimulated member, the lips replaced by a gentle tongue licking the crimson blood spilling out the two flesh dots on his neck, his *moans*—

The hand around the vampire's length had a weak grip, that friction alone wasn't enough to make his climax come to life, so Quinlan took the matters on his own. Wrapping his hand around the one holding his length, he helped the bunny's hand to make him reach his pleasure, eyes closing tightly when the pearl precome over his head grew into a white mess dirtying the bunny's outfit.

By the time Quinlan leaned away to take a good look at the art piece he made, Encroached's half-lidded eyes were drifting away, blankly staring at Quinlan in an attempt to keep his eyes focused on him.

Perhaps Quinlan got a little too carried away this time—

A Complete Meal

Chapter Notes

i had a bit more of fun than I thought with the concept of "fucking like rabbits on heat" and did some research but in the end there's still some not accurate thing in the sex part and I focused on being sexy rather than real. anyway have fun

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Two corpses?"

The maid nodded at the Count's words.

"How unusual..." The Count whispered under his breath. There was a couple of paperwork in his hands containing the information from two of the animal farm slaves. "It won't affect the minimal amount of available food I'll need for the next banquet, but do proper research at the rooms when the banquet's night comes to an end. Wouldn't want to put personal insurance in the way of my guests' visitation."

Per usual, the maid bowed in agreement.

By the end of the following days, all Quinlan managed to gather up was disappointment, tiredness, and rubies.

Disappointment was an already predicted ending, and yet he still decided to dig down in an attempt to discover the truth. Rumors were quick to spread, may they had a solid, *real* base or not, and he once again got out from yet another blind end with empty hands. The cursed red-haired woman that city spoke about was, in the end, gossip from the woman living in the icy lands—the one Quinlan never managed to find on his own.

Perhaps he should pay another visit to that place. The monster the locals called "Ithaqua" or any other supernatural being wouldn't stop him from his research.

Eventually, tiredness hits even those with the most passionate dreams. Every new clue is well welcomed, but deep down Quinlan can't deny the tiredness rotting in his heart with every new failure to find *her*. Beyond every bend was a long blinding end, but Quinlan still wishes he could find the hope at the bottom of Pandora's box.

Even though he can't deny: his tiredness was less exhausting than usual. It was a week different from his usual charming smiles as an outside frame keeping the tiredness away from public eyes. Matters needless to be shared, but pleasant to be taken away for a short while inside the bedroom he got.

Who could've thought that crimson rubies could have some sort of healing properties? Jewels aren't Quinlan's specialty as a witch, but a certain pairing became part of his nightly business, and he was willing to take them as his. A whispered order shared between the witch and the rubies owner was all Quinlan needed to relax his exhaustion for a while.

From the few times Encroached got into the same room as Quinlan, keeping the crimson eyes hidden underneath his mask stuck at the vampire — obeying Quinlan's order just like the first night they met — to the times the vampire asked for his personal services at his room, everything was amusing for the witch, tastier than a cup of warm passion fruit tea.

On the last night Quinlan asked to stay at the Count's castle, he decided to do things differently.

Bunny steak.

That was what *that* vampire was eating the first time Encroached got his eyes on him.

"I wouldn't mind finishing the night with a piece of bunny steak," Quinlan's words echoed in Encroached's mind through the days, the times Quinlan was out to do his researches, as the vampire himself told him once.

At the end of their first night, Encroached couldn't help but wonder if bunny's meat was succulent. Was it tasty, fresher than the other animals? The Encroached didn't know. He never tried the meat of his own species, nor did he want to discover so far.

He didn't want Quinlan to discover if the other bunnies' meat was as tasty as his own either.

He didn't want to risk the possibility of *that* vampire growing tired of his meat and opting to take a second plate of steak as a secondary option to entertain his needs.

He didn't want to go through the very simple possibility of *Quinlan* using his painted lips on any other bunny's neck.

So, to ease his anxieties, Encroached did what he could to ensure his paranoias would be left at bay. The thing used to contain his hands turned into a blissful object sent to him by the heavens when the cold metal touched the other bunnies' throats. Silent, stainless.

Quick and handful.

...

Three bunnies were found in the resting room.

The first bunny was resting on the ground. His gagging noises caused by the gold chain choking Adam's apple were left unheard by anyone but *him*. His still heart was useless to produce a feast for vampires as he was intended to be, making him a worthless unanimated body for the Count.

The second bunny didn't have a different fate. Curiosity killed the rabbit, quick hands around his neck finished the job.

The third body was alive. Ruby akin eyes wide open underneath the bunny's mask, outfit well put in every inch and stainless, lips lacking a smile per usual, but closed tightly as if to hide an unspoken sight he witnessed.

The remaining bunny wasn't regretful. Bunnies may die out of loneliness, but he wasn't truly alone as long as he had a beating heart and succulent meat to offer.

...What a tragedy that scenario was, ah.

At the very least, all of Encroached's anxieties were gone when the nonchalant maid asked him to go into the familiar room at the castle's left wing.

Her eyes were focused on the remaining bunny. She didn't have a reason to bat an eye at the other ones. Cleaning matters weren't the priorities until the request from the Count's guest was finished.

After all, he was the only bunny available to satisfy that guest.

Truth be told, Quinlan wasn't very fond of dealing with dirt, but having dinner at his bed was a guilty pleasure he got attached to.

Hat resting by the clothes rack, coat loosen without the usual lace keeping it in place around his waist, body laying on the bed with legs hanging by the edge and swinging in boredom. Quinlan wasn't truly *hungry*, but rather bored with the lack of new information through his day wandering around the city, and he wouldn't waste the stay he got on the Count's castle. He was done with the city, and didn't have much more of a reason to amuse himself in that place, save for a bunny.

Besides that, he got something extra from his personal research inside the castle, and he couldn't wait to show that bunny the small golden key hidden inside his fist. What would Encroached's reaction be like? Would he enjoy it? Quinlan found amusement of his own by messing around with the bunny, something he was proud of.

Who could have expected that bunny's meat would taste so good?

Dreaming awake wasn't needed anymore the moment Quinlan heard the knocking at his door. He lifted his head, a smile growing on his lips when a maid announced that bunny's name before her steps echoed away through the hall, leaving alone what Quinlan asked for at his door.

"Coming!" Quinlan jumped in one quick movement towards the door, more than happy to turn the doorknob open and receive the image he was expecting: that bunny, crimson eyes focused on him and lips sealed, lacking a smile as usual on that cute saddened expression of his.

Quinlan didn't hesitate in pulling the man inside by his hand, closing the door right after.

"What a delightful surprise to have you here!" A smile gave in the true meaning of Quinlan's words as he dragged Encroached to the bed, who obeyed pliant by following the lead. "I wonder if—"

Quinlan stopped. Encroached's shoulders stiffened.

There was a different scent in the air.

If there was a thing Quinlan could always lean on, it was his nose, and that wouldn't be the time it would betray him. Focusing on his instincts, Quinlan frowned at the confused bunny before lifting his chained hands up to his nose level.

Rust, saliva? A tad of marigolds, pomegranate seeds, and incense. A perfume different from the bunny's usual scent. It wasn't fruit of his succulent meat, Quinlan was already very familiar with the unique taste of the species he chose as his special dinner, but it wasn't something far from Quinlan's knowledge either.

Close to the bunny's wrists, Quinlan stopped sniffing through the skin.

...Ah , he finally realized why the scent was, too, familiar to his nose.

"Death has paid a visit to the castle, hasn't she?"

The smile adorning Quinlan's lips didn't put Encroached at ease. The implication of those words made a shiver run down Encroached's spine, crimson eyes wide open in surprise and shock. *Did they warn Quinlan about what happened? Ah, this is bad, this is—*

"H... How did you..."

Quinlan giggled. "It's all over your hands! Although you don't need to be so tense at death's presence. The cards take death as a new beginning," he raised the hands to his face level, placing the right one to palm his own cheek and press himself against it. The lack of struggles from the bunny was soon turned into a mutual want, fingers moving in to reluctantly embrace the skin as Encroached tried to fight back the shock. "After all, don't forget your pleasure is part of my orders."

If you ask Encroached how many times he reached his high through the visits in Quinlan's room, he wouldn't be sure to tell the right answer.

Every time he got around Quinlan, he got bewitched enough to not care about not feeling worth the affection he was receiving, he just wanted to feel *more* of that, allow the selfish thoughts to flow and not lose it at all.

He wanted Quinlan so, *so* bad.

He wouldn't lose that sensation if it depended on his own hands.

Quinlan didn't need to read someone's mind to know what Encroached's expression truly meant. His grin grew mischievous as always, taking the bunny to hell and back was part of his fun and he was proud of it, even with the scared look on Encroached's expression.

"If death is not the matter you seek, shall we step to what we both desire?"

What encouraged Encroached to move was witchery, that was the only sane explanation for the way he managed to move under Quinlan's lead, besides how his body stiffened, speechless with whatever Quinlan did. Encroached didn't regret stepping forward to follow Quinlan and lie his body down on the bed as Quinlan wanted, eyes always focused on the vampire, lured enough by his orange tones to manage on leaving his worries behind to focus on *him*.

"Such a good pet," the vampire's grin grew in amusement at the man on top of him. Eyes devoted to Quinlan and Quinlan only. "I knew it would be worth getting you a gift."

Encroached's eyebrow arched behind the mask as Quinlan adjusted himself to sit in front of him. *A gift...?*

"Close your eyes."

Against the instincts telling him to not do it Encroached obeyed.

"Since I'll leave soon, I've decided to give you a last goodbye gift for your wonderful services!" Encroached frowned upon Quinlan's sudden announcement — *he was leaving?! —* but that was the last of Quinlan's worries as he took Encroached's hands on his.

And then, a click.

Encroached paralyzed.

"Here you go," he tossed the just unlocked handcuffs carelessly over his shoulders. "You can open your eyes now."

And so Encroached did, in pure frightening surprise.

His wrists, free? Encroached could barely believe it when he lifted them up in front of his astonished eyes as Quinlan watched the scene in amusement. Freedom wasn't a word

Encroached was familiar with, and having it right there in front of his eyes made him feel a series of mixed feelings: confusion, excitement, panic, despair.

Freedom.

What a bittersweet word that was.

"This— this is amazing!" Encroached whispered as his face changed from excitement to disbelief. "...Why... why did you give me it?"

Quinlan shrugged. Encroached was too speechless to notice when Quinlan tossed his teal-colored coat away. "As I said, it's a small goodbye gift since you were such a lovely company during my stay, satisfying my hunger so well," his hands sneaked behind the bunny's head, playing with the edges of his mask, but not taking it out just yet. "May I?"

Encroached was stunned, and Quinlan couldn't help but find his own fun at that expression—but instead of a vocal answer to the witch's question, Encroached put his just free hands in action by yanking his mask away and pushing himself forward to hold Quinlan's face with both hands.

It was sudden, Quinlan barely having the time to react as his body was downed into the mattress. Encroached's crimson eyes stared down directly at the confused orange ones looking up at him from their new position.

"Take me with you!" His words were firm, out of his usual initial hesitation which Quinlan was the most familiar with. Wide open eyes, hips tightly pressed against Quinlan by positioning between his legs, the bunny's tail wiggled in desperation. "I—" he gulped, but tried his best to keep it up with his tone, although despair took space without his consent. "I can fulfill whatever you— *whatever you desire!* Suck me dry, skin me off, but please, just take me with you, *please!*"

...Ah, what a surprising response!

Contrasting to the steady hands holding Quinlan down in place, the vampire noticed the way Encroached's eyes were desperately looking at Quinlan in each and every syllable of his begging, eager to receive an answer from him. Such desperation was a whole feast for Quinlan, the very idea of taking the bunny away as his new belonging made him giggle. That laugh made Encroached's lips remain locked in a fine line.

Quinlan gave him freedom. If Encroached decided his first act of freedom would be by giving himself to the witch, Quinlan would accept his choice wholeheartedly.

"I could suck you dry if you let me," Quinlan's arms slowly wrapped around Encroached's shoulders, his grin growing wide as he kept his eyes locked with Encroached's. It was amazing how he could manage to speak so calmly despite the way Encroached was desperate. "Drain all you love and keep you as my personal lunch for every time the urge strikes me. But first, if you wish that from the bottom of your heart..." Encroached's expression remained unchanged in despair as Quinlan approached him, lips mere centimeters from his before the charming words rolled out of his tongue as a spell. "...Why don't you prove to me

that you can satisfy me, you cute little thing? You are free. Show me you really want what your words meant. Prove me you are able to fulfill my wishes, could you?"

Those words were enough for the quivering bunny.

Encroached didn't think twice.

The gap between their bodies was quickly gone, Encroached pressed his lips against Quinlan's in a fervent kiss as Quinlan pulled him closer with his arms, humming pleasantly against his lips. Their tongues danced a messy waltz exploring each other's mouths, fangs barely ghosting over the skin from the bunny's lips before giving in to eventual light bites. The witch's legs wrapped around the bunny's waist, locking Encroached down in place, tightly pressed against his body.

Encroached longed for those lips through all of those endless nights visiting the vampire over and over again, longed to meet the orange lipstick painting them so perfectly, longed to taste Quinlan whole. He was a disaster, but Quinlan took good care of the lead. A desperate animal drunk in the flavor of the just received freedom was more than well welcomed by the witch.

It was when the bunny's hips started to move even so slightly that the vampire's noises grew loud, thrusting himself against Encroached's body in return. The bunny's pace increased, his mind filled with nothing but Quinlan, Quinlan, *Quinlan*—

Their kiss lasted until Encroached's lungs begged for air. He tried to cut the kiss, just for Quinlan to prevent him by biting his lower lip, making the bunny groan in pain. When red slipped down the bunny's chin, Quinlan felt satisfied enough to give him space to breathe. Hands resting over his head, tongue licking the corner of his lips painted in red and orange, Quinlan's figure was framed by a perfect halo of orange strands.

"Enjoying the view?" The vampire laughed at the lack of words from the breathless man on top of him. Red stained the corner of Encroached's lips, orange painted them whole. "I would appreciate having fewer layers of clothes for you to devour me with those pretty eyes better."

Crimson eyes so focused on him was nothing out of the ordinary, yet Quinlan felt even more excited with having those rubies at the palm of his hands.

Encroached gulped, but nodded in agreement to the implication of these words.

Slowly the pair of hands opened Quinlan's white shirt button by button, giving the vampire a few looks in search of approval for him to go further, which he got with a nod and a well-formed smirk. Encroached was careful, undressing the vampire as if he was a precious treasure he wasn't sure about being worth touching, but Quinlan was the opposite force the moment he decided to take matters into his own hands

Encroached didn't stop the hand sneaking behind him to open his jumpsuit, but whispered the words in a saddened tone: "...There isn't much worth anything underneath these clothes."

"Nonsense!" A kiss planted on Encroached's cheek, legs kicking the remaining of his pants and underwear off, Quinlan didn't waste a single second of his last night at the castle by

opening the jumpsuit enough to start pulling it off from the bunny's arms— who followed the act with little to no struggle. "It would be rude to leave me alone at this carnal party."

It didn't take much for their clothes to be entirely gone, the last of their pieces tossed to the ground being the bunny's underwear. The vampire's direct stare at the bunny's exposed member made Encroached feel like running away to never be seen again. In fact, he was used to the idea of being taken as an object of glances before, but to think it was *that* man looking at him... was a totally different feeling. Contrasting to the usual judgmental eyes over the scars and missing parts in nothing but an allegory based on his misery, Quinlan's glance was filled with excitement and strange care on his light touches on the bunny's exposed abdomen.

"I see you are happy in keeping it up." The statement was a matter of fact regards the growing hard-on, but Encroached couldn't help but feel ashamed of his own carnal needs. He opened his lips but words hardly came out, his body betraying him with the exposed member hanging between their bodies.

"Focus... Focus on your ow—"

A sudden kiss sealed the bunny's lips before he could finish his sentence. It was serene in comparison with their first one, barely tasting the softness of the vampire's lips as his stiffened body melted into the act. If Quinlan's goal was to put the bunny at ease, his plan worked just fine.

"Thought I already warned you about my wish, you cute thing," whispered words against Encroached's lips that kept the bunny still in place. "There's no fun in keeping it as an unilateral exchange."

All Encroached wanted to do was to ask *why* over and over again. The very idea of someone putting him in first place was surreal, and yet Quinlan was right in front of him.

Hesitantly, Encroached nodded. "...You want me to prove that I can satisfy you, right?"

Quinlan's smirk grew dangerously.

That was all Encroached needed.

Quinlan opened his legs under Encroached's ministrations, hand pushing his thigh gently to the side as Encroached wetted two fingers on his non-damaged hand with a long lick. That was a show for Quinlan, whose smile never left his face as he watched and *felt* the cold wetness caressing his entrance with no more time wasted.

For a brief moment, Encroached hesitated, torn between asking for allowance and the idea of going on in his own will, but then... it was *Quinlan* who gifted him with the very idea of freedom, which meant he wouldn't be punished for following a choice of his own, *right?*

Encroached was familiar with the drill, always serving in whichever role whoever "hired" him wanted. His fingers were surprisingly skillful, only reluctant for a second when Quinlan shamelessly moaned at the way Encroached scissored him open— and oh, how much those noises could affect the bunny's body, just like a well-casted spell with Quinlan's whole

magical being acting as a catalyst. It was hard for him to not get enchanted by the witch, and Encroached didn't mind falling deeper and deeper at each given second under Quinlan's control.

Slender fingers thrust deep as Quinlan pushed his hips against them. Encroached couldn't understand how Quinlan's expression could be obscene, and yet his grin never ceased to exist.

On other hand, the reddish tones on Encroached's cheeks intensified as strongly as ever. No, he absolutely did not have the equal capacity to keep his posture or sanity in that situation.

"*Ah, ah—!*" Quinlan's hips moved quicker than the fingers fucking him open, embarrassment almost overcoming the bunny's attempt for control. Either that, or the way Quinlan could act so desperate for dick.

"Q-Quinlan..."

"*Yes?*" Play pretending naiveness, eyes filled with lust, Quinlan answered with a low giggle in between his sweet noises, but Encroached didn't manage to let any words come out. He was choked, embarrassed but longing for more and oh, that wasn't a problem, definitely. Quinlan didn't mind taking the leading role with that cute bunny of his. It was a matter of time until he could manage to teach the bunny to have his own good times.

It didn't take much preparation for Quinlan to take the first steps as *enough* and pull the bunny once again onto a kiss, making the taller man yelp against his lips in surprise and hand stop the work.

"Hurry," Quinlan whispered in the kiss, a half-order and half-request for the bunny to follow.

"But—" *are you sure it's enough?*

"*Hurryyy...*" The word rolled out of the witch's tongue, not allowing the bunny to finish his question as his lips were sealed again. Taking Encroached's sanity away was fun, but above all, Quinlan would go insane himself if he wasn't filled with something decent quickly. Encroached wasn't exactly in position to deny the request, especially when his own body yearned for the same thing. It would be a lie to say each of Quinlan's noises didn't go straight down to his needy member.

Slowly, slender fingers tried to move away from the pulsing hole, but Quinlan's impatient spoke louder as a hand sneaked down to hold the bunny's member to stimulate it with slow pumping. That made Encroached shiver at the touch, choking on an obscene noise muffled by the kiss and the just-formed playful grin on Quinlan's lips.

"Excited?" Quinlan laughed, but Encroached didn't feel like that was a joke at all. Right there if he had the opportunity to bury himself inside a hole, he wouldn't hesitate to do it, but he is sure Quinlan would take him back by pulling his ears just like a fresh carrot.

The longer Quinlan held the erection the clearer it was to notice how it affected the bunny's body, hips moving even so subtly to get more friction as he whimpered in need. Encroached

didn't manage to reply with proper words, but Quinlan got what he wanted anyway by feeling the bunny's fingers moving away from his insides.

"Ah!" Everything rolling out from Quinlan's tongue was always vulgar, and it wasn't any different when Encroached straightened himself away from the witch's face and held Quinlan's wrist to stop his hand. His face was still painted in a pretty tone of red, but there was a hint of something different in his eyes.

Oh, Quinlan was quivering out of curiosity and excitement to discover what could that be, and Encroached wasn't far from it by having his insides burning.

For the mere moment of determination to stop whatever further teasing the witch had within his sleeves, Encroached got himself kneeling in between Quinlan's legs, aligning his member with a shivering hand, just enough to have his tip *finally* touching Quinlan's entrance. It was enticing, and Quinlan impatiently tried to roll down his hips against the thing making him completely salivate from the thought alone, and sooner than he could have expected his dreams came true as Encroached slowly pushed into him with a heady groan.

Toes curling, nails holding on tightly to the mattress, head thrown back with the whole new fullness, Quinlan's smile was gone, giving space to an expression twisted in pain and pleasure along with the loud moan filling the room, body getting used to the fulfilling sensation.

Encroached never felt so in control of something (or better, *someone*) before, and just the thought alone by looking down at Quinlan's whole being reacting so prettily to his ministrations drove whatever lasted of sanity inside his head away. *So good*, and *so his*, Encroached heavily panted as he started to thrust against the witch's body and watched the way his moans increased in volume along with the pace of his hips. That was more than enough reason for the bunny to quickly grow the pace to erratic moves so early.

Encroached was broken, and he didn't mind falling that hard on insanity if the main figure of his wet dream was right under his hands.

The change was sudden, Quinlan barely having the time to get used to everything as Encroached made him cry loudly with each thrust. As Quinlan previously expected, Encroached's member *really* could reach deep and good, but the desperate hips grinding against the bunny soon needed to stop by not following his rhythm for too long. It was too much, but Quinlan was greedy when the matters were his amusement and pleasure, and Encroached really could fulfill his interests perfectly.

Or maybe *way* too perfectly.

Quinlan has always been proud of how much he could take, even more of how well he could take control over his partners in bed (and how he did it well through all the past nights staying in the Count's manor) and the last thing he expected was to have *that* man of all the possible people to take the leading role with the pair of hands holding his thigh and torso firmly.

How could those ruby akin eyes be always so focused on him? Quinlan didn't know, and was unbothered to discover how while he was getting fucked so well. The way Encroached

followed the first of the witch's orders was amusing.

Quinlan was an absolute whore for attention, and right there every inch of his body was very, *very* satisfied.

The need for release at that pace was driving Quinlan almost mad in need. Precum stained both the witch's insides and tummy. The late happened without much more than a few strokes on his own needy member, moaning the bunny's name loudly through watery eyes, fresh formed tears of pleasure by the corner of his eyes, and white pearls on his ejaculating on the tip of his member.

With a broken groan stuck on Encroached's throat, Quinlan felt his insides being filled with the warm fluid hitting his walls so well. The thrusts slowed down as Encroached rode off his climax with a shivering body. Quinlan's usual grin was back in his posture as he stroked his own member to come right after with a low moan.

It felt good, the brief seconds of high surrounding both men through the panting breaths—but to Quinlan's surprise, Encroached didn't stop moving after a while.

"W-what are— *ah!*"

Quinlan cried loud when he felt the bunny's movements increase again, the familiar sound of skin against skin once more part of the room. His still pulsing hole leaked with every new thrust, Encroached's expression softened in embarrassment and warmth. *It was cute*, Quinlan thought.

"H-hah... So...someone grew a spine— *ah!*" Breathy words spoken in between sounds of pure pleasure, head dizzy with the blissful sensation, everything took Quinlan's head to the heavens and back. Encroached finally gave in to the sin, lust so present in each and every of his rough thrusts and needy moans. For the first time in a good while, Quinlan felt like he was chewing on more than he could take, but it was a surprise challenge he was more than willing to accept and take through his overstimulated, fucked head.

White stars danced in Quinlan's vision as Encroached fucked him through his climax and sensitive body. It was too much to process when he barely got his peak without a single break, turning into nothing but a pretty little moaning mess at each second that passed with the bunny handling his body blindly into pleasure. Quinlan's body tried to flinch away, but Encroached kept him in place.

"W-wait— *hgnm...!*"

His begging fell under deaf ears, Encroached's head far too gone to stop himself from moving. It felt *so* good, the taste of freedom making the bunny drunk in pleasure and the witch lost enough to forget his own name.

(Far, far at the back of Quinlan's thoughts, he could vaguely recall something the hare from his tea parties once told him: rabbits have far too high stamina when it comes to heat. Quinlan just didn't expect he would feel it against his own skin someday.)

"*S-sorry...!*" Between gasps and moans filling the room, there was an apology from the bunny, a clear contrast with the way his body continued to thrust into Quinlan harder and harder. The witch could barely process his word with how lost he was. It was addicting, luring, and Encroached wasn't in a sane enough state to think of anything else but *Quinlan*, his guts burning with the need to come for a second time in a row. There was a good reason so many "hirers" loved to take rabbits as their play toys during the banquets: they can last *way* longer than other slaves, and Encroached did justice to his species by allowing his primal needs to overcome his body.

A promise of marks that would last a while was present on Quinlan's waist with the way Encroached's hands held and forced his body to follow the push and pull of his thrusts. "Just —" Encroached gulped, hips desperately seeking for his release once more. "A l-little more, *please...!*" He mindlessly repeated the pleas lowly a few more times.

How could Quinlan deny the bunny's request? Well, at that moment, he couldn't even if he wanted to. It was too much, draining, and it took all the remaining of Quinlan's energy for him to murmur a quick "*closer*" in between moans as he raised a hand to rest on Encroached's shoulder.

Obedying each request from the witch became a well-known drill for Encroached. With a quick nod, he did as the lust-filled word asked for.

The pleasant proximity from the witch's warmth against his face didn't last much longer, a pair of fangs quick to crave on his neck for the nth time in the week and choke his noises on the delicious meal. "*Mhgm—!*" Encroached didn't fight back the pain. If anything, that was the final motivation his body needed to reach his bliss for a second time that night with a long, broken cry. His hips came to *finally* stop, shivering legs in contrast with the steady hands Encroached kept on the witch's body in an attempt to endure the sudden feeding session with his conscience awake.

It was just natural for Quinlan to take back the energy Encroached made him waste, perhaps taking a little too much time to appreciate the splattered blood painting around Encroached's throat with a long lick, causing a shiver down Encroached's spine.

If it wasn't for the blood, Quinlan felt like he would've passed out already. Blessed by his half-vampire and the capacity to rest and heal so quickly after a small snack.

The same couldn't be said for his bunny though.

As both men came down from their highs and heated experience, all Encroached could do was stay still for a while with his weight resting over the witch. He was *tired*, thanks to his animal nature using so much energy out of his system when things came to heat and the piece Quinlan took from his neck. Well, that wasn't the first time Quinlan was greedy with his blood, and all Encroached wished was for that to not be the last time either.

Crimson half opened eyes remained on Quinlan even with the angle Encroached tilted his face for the witch to have more access. What Encroached didn't expect to receive against his neck was a laugh, nearly parted lips about to ask what that was for, if it wasn't for Quinlan to speak first.

"Perhaps..." The grin was audible in Quinlan's voice, the same way it was clearly present in touch against Encroached's skin.

"...Perhaps your words were true. You can really fulfill my wishes *very* well, hm?"

[A letter sealed with the figure of a bat in orange wax with the following content was left on the Count's table. Handwritten cursive words in pitch-black paint. The signature was finished in orange letters.]

Dear Count,

Your banquet was enchantingly delightful! Steaks just on point, spices really opening my taste buds to seek for more and more of those worldly tastes. Ah, and the scents... I could not forget to congratulate you for the lovely aroma of fresh autumn mornings you managed to get with those special candles of yours!

Unfortunately, business called my name earlier than I could have imagined. Through this letter, I hope you can forgive me for leaving so early without a proper goodbye nor face to face conversation.

My best regards,

Quinlan Duncan.

(P.S: I hope you don't mind me borrowing your bunny for an indeterminate time.)

[There's the drawing of a bat by the end of the letter.]

Chapter End Notes

aaand this is how Quinlan got a bunny as his familiar . by totally not kidnapping him
it turned out longer than it should. but it's okay it was fun to write anyway, i want to
write more for this au eventually

End Notes

Hands up, back arching in a perfect curve, Quinlan stretched himself as he sat at the bed's edge. Perhaps his little fun would give him a lot more energy after feeding, but the same couldn't be said about that bunny. "I'll call a maid to take care of you soon," his eyes weren't focused on Encroached, but through the decreasing dizziness, the bunny knew they were directed for him anyway. "Until one of them arrives, I'm sure you can stay on your own while I take a shower."

...Oh, how much Encroached resisted the urge to ask for that vampire to stay. Instead, he went back to what he originally was: an animal served on a silver plate, obeying without questioning. Doing nothing but a weak nod, the bunny kept his eyes on the vampire as Quinlan hummed through his way to put back his long teal coat and walk away to the room's bathroom.

When Quinlan's figure vanished away from the bunny's sight, Encroached sighed. There was something weirdly pleasant in all of that situation, not being treated as roughly as usual.

For once, Encroached embraced the selfish thoughts luring his mind.

He wanted more of that vampire.

Joker wanted more of that man.

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